

ROOTS

Every summer Cousin Bob
brings his kids down to
the San Joaquin Valley
from their home in Tiburon

First thing they do
is beg Uncle Charley to bring
out his old harmonica

and play Home On The Range
and Red River Valley

SUNDAY DRIVE

Brother accidentally touched
the wrong button and the automatic
window rolled down
just long enough for a giant fly

to join me in the back seat
no one had a will to shoo
and the fly buzzed above our heads
kept us company

past dry ugly fields, a kiddy park,
aerojet complex
and a view of claustrophobic hills
rising toward a place Bret Harte knew
as Hangtown

somewhere near Nimbus Winery
Brother rolled the window down
and the fly flew out on its own